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By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

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Quantum homo homini preſtat.

I AM favoured by a correſpondent with the following little inſtructive piece, which he calls

THE ART of HAPPINESS.

A GOOD temper is one of the principal ingredients of happineſs. This, it will be ſaid, is the work of nature, and muſt be born with us: and ſo in a good meaſure it is; yet oftentimes it may be acquired by art, and always improved by culture. Almoſt every object that attracts our notice, has it's bright, and it's dark ſide: he that habituates himſelf to look at the diſpleaſing ſide, will ſour his diſpoſition, and conſequently impair his happineſs; while he who conſtantly beholds it on the bright ſide, inſenſibly meliorates his temper, and in conſequence of it, improves his own happineſs, and the happineſs of all about him.

ARACHNE

ARACHNE and Meliſſa are two friends. They are both of them women in years, and alike in birth, fortune, education and accompliſhments. They were originally alike in temper too; but by different management, are grown the reverſe of each other. Arachne has accuſtomed herſelf to look only on the dark ſide of every object. If a new poem or play makes it's appearance, with a thouſand brilliances, and but one or two blemiſhes, ſhe ſlightly ſkims over the paſſages that ſhould give her pleaſure, and dwells upon thoſe only that fill her with diſlike. If you ſhew her a very excellent portrait, ſhe looks at ſome part of the drapery which has been neglected, or to a hand or finger that has been left unfiniſhed. Her garden is a very beautiful one, and kept with great neatneſs and elegancy; but if you take a walk with her in it, ſhe talks to you of nothing but blights and ſtorms, of ſnails and caterpillars, and how impoſſible it is to keep it from the litter of falling leaves and worm-caſts. If you ſit down in one of her temples, to enjoy a delightful proſpect, ſhe obſerves to you, that there is too much wood, or too little water; that the day is too ſunny, or too gloomy; that it is ſultry, or windy; and finiſhes with a long harangue upon the wretchedneſs of our climate. When you return with her to the company, in hopes of a little cheerful converſation, ſhe caſts a gloom over all, by giving you the hiſtory of her own bad health, or of ſome melancholy accident that has befallen one of her daughter's children. Thus ſhe inſenſibly ſinks her own ſpirits, and the ſpirits of all around her, and at laſt diſcovers, ſhe knows not why, that her friends are grave.

MELISSA is the reverſe of all this. By conſtantly habituating herſelf to look only on the bright ſide of objects,

jects, ſhe preſerves a perpetual cheerfulneſs in herſelf, which by a kind of happy contagion, ſhe communicates to all about her. If any misfortune has befallen her, ſhe conſiders it might have been worſe, and is thankful to providence for an eſcape. She rejoices in ſolitude, as it gives her an opportunity of knowing herſelf; and in ſociety, becauſe ſhe can communicate the happineſs ſhe enjoys. She oppoſes every man's virtues to his failings, and can find out ſomething to cheriſh and applaud in the very worſt of her acquaintance. She opens every book with a deſire to be entertained or inſtructed, and therefore ſeldom miſſes what ſhe looks for. Walk with her, though it be but on a heath or a common, and ſhe will diſcover numberleſs beauties, unobſerved before, in the hills, the dales, the broom, the brakes, and the variagated flowers of weeds and poppies. She enjoys every change of weather and of ſeaſon, as bringing with it ſomething of health or convenience. In converſation it is a rule with her never to ſtart a ſubject that leads to any thing gloomy or diſagreeable; you therefore never hear her repeating her own grievances, or thoſe of her neighbours, or (what is worſt of all) their faults and imperfections. If any thing of the latter kind be mentioned in her hearing, ſhe has the addreſs to turn it into entertainment, by changing the moſt odious railing into a pleaſant raillery. Thus Meliſſa, like the bee, gathers honey from every weed; while Arachne, like the ſpider, ſucks poiſon from the faireſt flowers. The conſequence is, that of two tempers, once very nearly allied, the one is forever ſour and diſſatisfied, the other always gay and cheerful: the one ſpreads an univerſal gloom; the other a continual ſunſhine.

THERE is nothing more worthy of our attention than this art of happineſs. In converſation, as well as life, happineſs very often depends upon the ſlighteſt incidents. The taking notice of the badneſs of the weather, a north-eaſt wind, the approach of winter, or any trifling circumſtance of the diſagreeable kind, ſhall inſenſibly rob a whole company of it's good-humour, and fling every member of it into the vapours. If therefore we would be happy in ourſelves, and are deſirous of communicating that happineſs to all about us, theſe *minutiæ* of converſation ought carefully to be attended to. The brightneſs of the ſky, the lengthening of the days, the encreaſing verdure of the ſpring, the arrival of any little piece of good news, or whatever carries with it the moſt diſtant glimpſe of joy, ſhall frequently be the parent of a ſocial and happy converſation. Good-manners exact from us this regard to our company. The clown may repine at the ſunſhine that ripens his harveſt, becauſe his turnips are burnt up by it; but the man of refinement will extract pleaſure from the thunder-ſtorm to which he is expoſed, by remarking on the plenty and refreſhment which may be expected from ſuch a ſhower.

THUS does good manners, as well as good ſenſe, direct us to look at every object on the bright ſide; and by thus acting, we cheriſh and improve both the one and the other. By this practice it is that Meliſſa is become the wiſeſt and the beſt-bred woman living: and by this practice may every man and woman arrive at that eaſy benevolence of temper, which the world calls good-nature, and the ſcripture charity, whoſe natural and never-failing fruit is HAPPINESS.

I CANNOT better conclude this paper than with the following ode, which I received from another correſpondent, and which ſeems to be written in the ſame ſpirit of cheerfulneſs with the above eſſay.

ODE

ODE to MORNING.

The ſprightly meſſenger of day,
To Heav'n aſcending, tunes the lay,
That wakes the bluſhing Morn:
Cheer'd with th' inſpiring notes, I riſe,
And hail the POW'R, *whoſe glad ſupplies*
Th' enliven'd plains adorn.

Far hence retire, O NIGHT! *thy praiſe,*
Majeſtic queen! in nobler lays
Already has been ſung:
When thine own ſpheres expire, thy name,
Secure from time, ſhall riſe in fame,
Immortaliz'd by YOUNG.

See, while I ſpeak, AURORA *ſheds*
Her early honours o'er the meads,
The ſpringing valleys ſmile;
With cheerful haſte, the village ſwain
Renews the labours of the plain,
And meets th' accuſtom'd toil.

Day's monarch comes to bleſs the year!
Wing'd ZEPHIRS *wanton round his car,*
Along th' æthereal road;
PLENTY *and* HEALTH *attend his beams,*
And TRUTH, *divinely bright! proclaims*
The viſit of the God.

Aw'd by the view, my ſoul reveres
The great FIRST CAUSE, *that bad the ſpheres*
In tuneful order move:
Thine is the ſable-mantled night,
Unſeen ALMIGHTY! *and the light*
The radiance of thy love.

Hark! the awaken'd grove repays
With melody the genial rays,
And echo ſpreads the ſtrain;

The